



Sarah Teasdale	<p>Sara Teasdale was an American lyric poet. (1884-1933)</p> <p>A year ago we walked in the jangling city  Together . . . . forgetful.  One by one we crossed the avenues,  Rivers of light, roaring in tumult,  And came to the narrow, knotted streets.  Thru the tense crowd  We went aloof, ecstatic, walking in wonder,  Unconscious of our motion.  Forever the foreign people with dark, deep-seeing eyes  Passed us and passed.  Lights and foreign words and foreign faces,  I forgot them all;  I only felt alive, defiant of all death and sorrow,  Sure and elated.</p> <p>That was the gift you gave me. . . .</p> <p>The streets grew still more tangled,  And led at last to water black and glossy,  Flecked here and there with lights, faint and far off.  There on a shabby building was a sign  "The India Wharf " . . . and we turned back.</p> <p>I always felt we could have taken ship  And crossed the bright green seas  To dreaming cities set on sacred streams  And palaces  Of ivory and scarlet.</p> <p><b>Read by Andrew K Waugh; Algy Pug; Anders Stigö; Claudia Salto; David Lawrence;  Jason Mills; J Korth; Jannie Meisberger; Lee Ann Howlett; Leonard Wilson and  Rosslyn Carlyle. . Total running time: 0:19:37</b></p> <p>This recording is in the public domain and may be reproduced, distributed, or modified  without permission. For more information or to volunteer, visit <a href="http://librivox.org">librivox.org</a>.  Cover picture PD photos. Copyright expired in U.S., Canada, EU. and all countries with  author's life +70 yrs laws. Cover design by Annise. This design is in the public domain.</p>	The India Wharf
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